Welcome

THE TOAD

On the muddy river delta
Sunlight filtered overhead
In the midday's humid swelter
A little toad got out of bed

Gaping jaws and stretching forelegs
Blinking at the new day's glare
Perhaps a swim to fully wake up
Dark night ahead, now to prepare

Jumping from his nest of oak leaves
Leaping artfully to light
On the water strewn with tulips
Plunging 'neath them out of site

Surfacing to glance above him
At the birds in trees o'er head
Heard the singing of the choir
Strained to hear just what they said

Dully comprehending only
Songs too beautiful to write
The toad joined in with throaty gusto
Adding bass to voices light

Thus the meekest, yea the lowest
Those with beauty hard to see
Have their part in God's grand purpose
In His celestial symphony

James Foard

Graphics By PeeLee
HTML Editor AceExpert